



DOOM

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



ERNIE COLON



INTERLUDE...



THE FOG'S LIFTED!
FINALLY, I CAN SEE
MY HAND IN FRONT
OF MY FACE!

NO WONDER YOU
KNOW YOUR WAY
AROUND...

THIS PLACE
LOOKS MORE
LIKE LATVERIA
THAN LONDON!



IT IS
ALL ONE TO
DOOM.

WHEREVER I
WALK, I ASSUME THE
STRIDE OF ONE IN
COMMAND.

COULD YOU LAST
LONG IN THE CYBER-
VERSE, WIRE, IF YOUR
POSTURE BETRAYED
YOUR FEARS?

I GET
THE PIC--

EEEEEEEEEE



WHAT
WAS
THAT?

YOU MAY
NOT WANT
TO KNOW.

DOOM 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 9, September, 1993. (ISSN #1058-8463) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$15.00 U.S.; \$27.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032652. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DOOM 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DOOM 2099, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN USA.



IT CAME FROM THIS ALLEY!



HAVE A CARE, WIRE. FOOLS RUSH IN...

BEGINNING THIS JOURNEY WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH. WHY STOP NOW?



I--I-- I'VE SEEN THE DEAD BEFORE... BUT NEVER ANYONE LIKE THIS!

SHE WAS-- SHE--



YOU WILL NOT BE ILL.

WE HAVE MUCH TO LEARN FROM THIS INCIDENT.



WHAT CAN SHE POSSIBLY TELL US?

SHE?



NOTHING.

BUT HE...



YOU WILL DISCOVER NOTHING FROM THE RIPPER...

UNLESS YOU YEARN TO SEE THE HOLY FACE OF YOUR MAKER! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR--



DOOM!

A MAN IN ARMOR!

YOU WOULD BE A NOBLE KNIGHT... PROTECTING THE FALLEN WOMEN OF LONDON?



I WOULD...



TALK WITH YOU.

OWW!



TELL ME, JACK THE RIPPER...

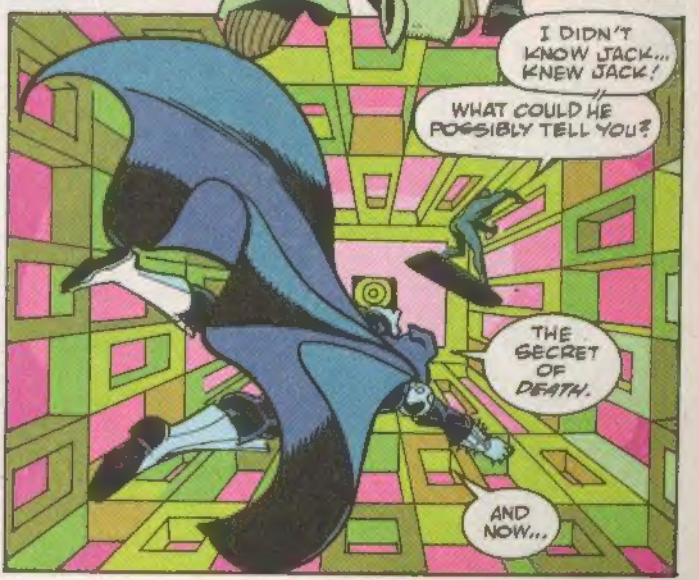
UNBURDEN YOURSELF OF THE SECRET I HAVE COME FOR!



HE'LL KILL AGAIN! WHY DID YOU LET HIM GO?

HE SERVED HIS PURPOSE, OR RATHER... MY PURPOSE.

BESIDES, THAT WAS HIS LAST VICTIM. WHAT THAT WRETCH GOES TO NOW, IS FAR WORSE A PUNISHMENT THAN ANY HYPOCRITICAL SOCIETY MIGHT METE.



I DIDN'T KNOW JACK... KNEW JACK!

WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY TELL YOU?

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

AND NOW...



...THE NEXT
UNFORTUNATE
I MEET...

A FAIR
QUESTION.

ONCE MORE,
I OPERATE OUT OF
ENLIGHTENED SELF-
INTEREST.

...WILL IMPART
THE SECRET OF
LIFE.

YEAH?
WHOSE?



TO REDISCOVER
MY LIFE... MY
MEMORY...

HIM?

...WE TRAVEL TO
THE OUTSKIRTS OF
THIS CITY TO ENCOUNTER
SOMEONE WHOSE FLIGHT
RIVALS MY OWN.



THE
FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER?



THE VERY
SYMBOL OF
LIFE AND
DEATH IN
ONE.



A CREATURE
TAKEN OUT OF
HIS LIFETIME...

...RESURRECTED ON
A LANDSCAPE
FOREIGN TO HIM.

A MAN ALONE
AGAINST THE
RABBLE.

WHO WOULD NOT
SEE THE POETRY IN
HIS PLIGHT...IN
HIS SOUL?

THE MOB DOESN'T
SEEM TO AGREE.

THEY'RE ABOUT
TO TURN YOUR /CON
BACK INTO THE PIECES
HE CAME FROM--

--UNLESS I
GIVE THEM A
DIVERSION.

THEY MOCK
THE ALMIGHTY
BY PERFORMING
HIS MIRACLES!

AS IF IT WEREN'T
ENOUGH THAT DOCTOR
FRANKENSTEIN CLAIMED
GOD'S POWER OF
LIFE AND DEATH
FOR HIMSELF!

IT IS SIMPLE
ENOUGH--

--TO
BRING
THEM
BACK
TO
EARTH!



WE ARE ALIKE...
YOU AND I...

...CREATURES OF FRAGILE
FLESH AND ERRANT
TECHNOLOGY.

BORN OF FORCES BEYOND
OUR CONTROL... WHY
DO THEY CALL US...



"MONSTER"?



DOOM!
ENOUGH
SPEECHES!

GET WHAT
YOU CAME FOR
FROM HIM...

WE'VE WORN
OUT OUR
WELCOME!

THANKS! AND
DON'T FORGET
YOUR NEW
PLAYMATE.



DESTINY HAS
PLACED HIM
BEYOND OUR
AID.



IS THIS A HABIT WITH
YOU, USING PEOPLE AND
THEN THROWING
THEM AWAY?

KIPLING WROTE, "DOWN
TO GEHENNA OR UP TO THE
THRONE, HE TRAVELS THE
FASTEST WHO TRAVELS
ALONE."

WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR
CYBERSPACE EXPERTISE,
I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU
ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS
CYBERNETIC RECOVERY
PROGRAM.

NO
WONDER
YOUR ALLIES
DON'T TRUST
YOU.

I AM NOT EVEN
SURE THE PRINCIPLE
BEHIND IT IS AS SOUND
AS YOU SAY.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:


THE SPIRITS WITHIN ME!

IT'S SIMPLE
ENOUGH. IF
THERE ARE
COMPUTER
PROGRAMS TO
RECOVER LOST
DATA, THE
CYBER-NEURO-
LINK CAN
RECOVER
YOUR LOST
MEMORY.

ME LITERALLY
RUN THROUGH
THE PROGRAM.
"SEARCHING"
FOR YOUR
PAST.

JUST ONE
THING TROUBLES
ME...

STORY & ART: ERNIE COLON LETTERING: ROD OLLERENSHAW COLORING:
EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: TOM DEFALCO



WHAT DOES IT ALL REPRESENT? WHY HAS THE NEUROLINK MANIFESTED THIS ENVIRONMENT FOR YOU?

I AM A MAN OUT OF TIME.

EVEN IN THE WORLD I CAME FROM, MY MANNERS, MY COURTLINESS, MY WORLDVIEW, MY METHODS... WERE DECIDEDLY VICTORIAN.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.

I MEAN, WHY ARE YOU GETTING TO PIECES OF YOUR LIFE FROM MANIACS AND MADMEN... MONSTERS AND MURDERERS? WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO DO WITH YOU?

JACOB MARLEY HIS LIFE



THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE
COME TO FLEET STREET
TO FIND OUT!

"FLEET
STREET"?
WHY DOES
THAT SOUND
FAMILIAR?



A BLOODY
SIR LANCELOT!
WELL, IF YE'VE
COME TO SAVE THIS
BEADLE'S WORTHLESS
LIFE--

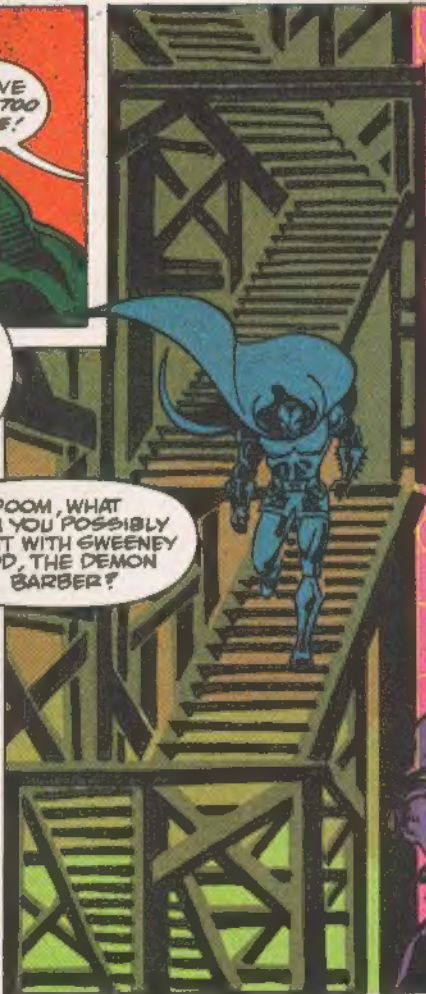


--YE'VE
COME TOO
LATE!



SEVERED
THE
ARTERY
IN ONE
CLEAN
GO!

DOOM, WHAT
CAN YOU POSSIBLY
WANT WITH SWEENEY
TODD, THE DEMON
BARBER?



DOOM?



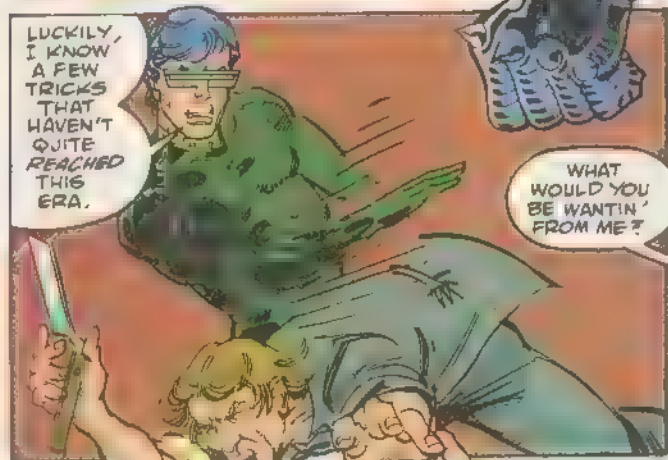
IT IS NOT
TODD I
SEEK...

...BUT YOU,
MRS. LOVETT.

I CAN'T
AFFORD
WITNESSES!

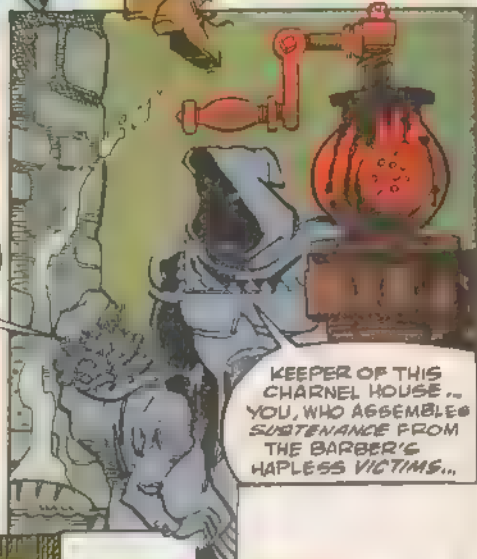
DOOM
BETTER
FINISH THIS
RECOVERY
PROGRAM...

...OR I
MAY NOT
RECOVER!



LUCKILY,
I KNOW
A FEW
TRICKS
THAT
HAVEN'T
QUITE
REACHED
THIS
ERA.

WHAT
WOULD YOU
BE WANTIN'
FROM ME?



KEEPER OF THIS
CHARNEL HOUSE...
YOU, WHO ASSEMBLES
SUSTINANCE FROM
THE BARBER'S
HAPLESS VICTIMS...



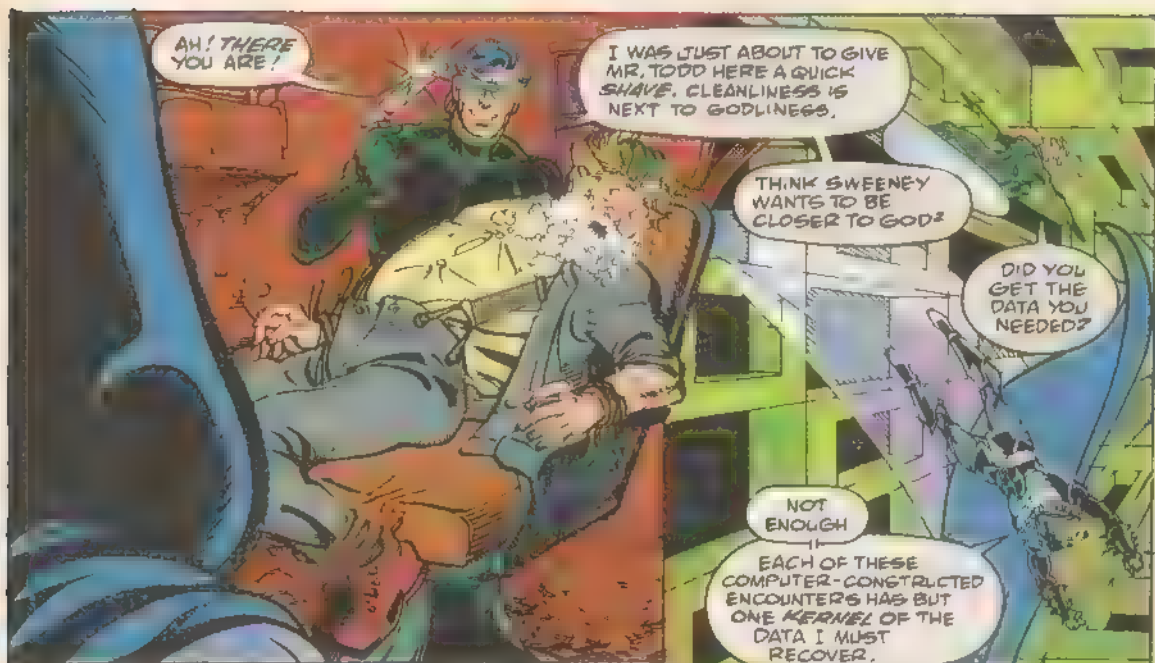
...BEFORE
I CAN
ASCEND!

...A TRAFFICKER
IN SPARE
PARTS, AS
IT WERE.

YOU SYMBOLIZE
THE UNDERWORLD
I'VE PASSED
THROUGH, AND
I MUST SPEAK
TO YOU...



♪ ♪



AH! THERE YOU ARE!

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GIVE MR. TODD HERE A QUICK SHAVE. CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

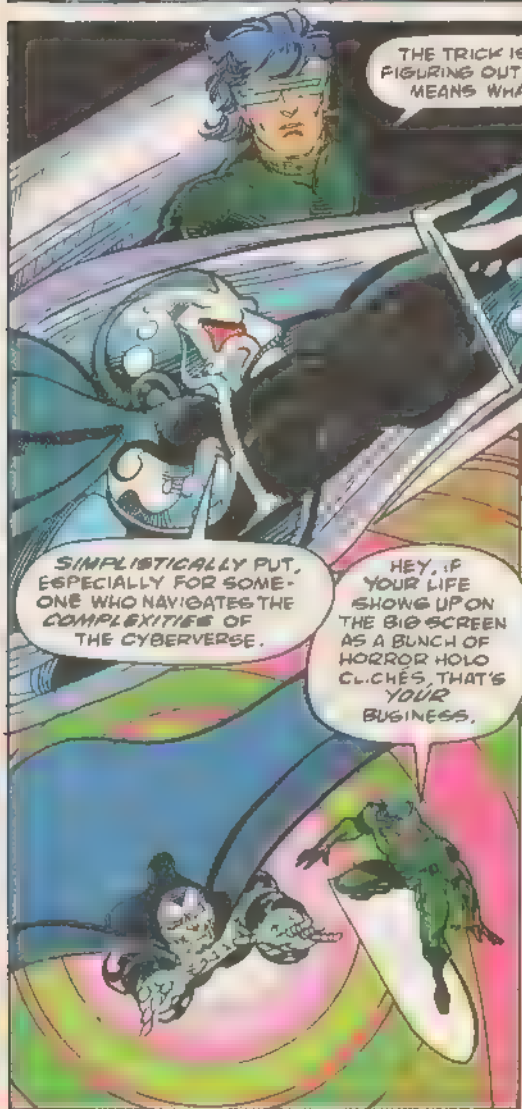
THINK SWEENEY WANTS TO BE CLOSER TO GOD?

DID YOU GET THE DATA YOU NEEDED?

NOT ENOUGH

EACH OF THESE COMPUTER-CONSTRUCTED ENCOUNTERS HAS BUT ONE KERNEL OF THE DATA I MUST RECOVER.

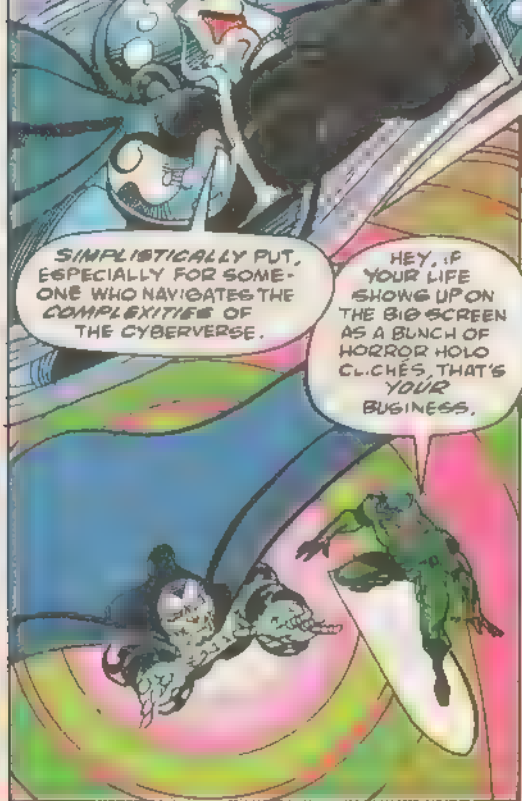
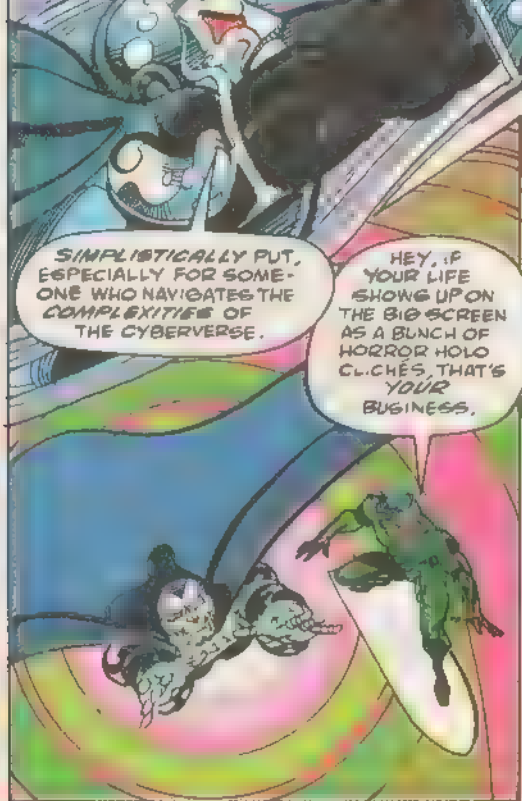
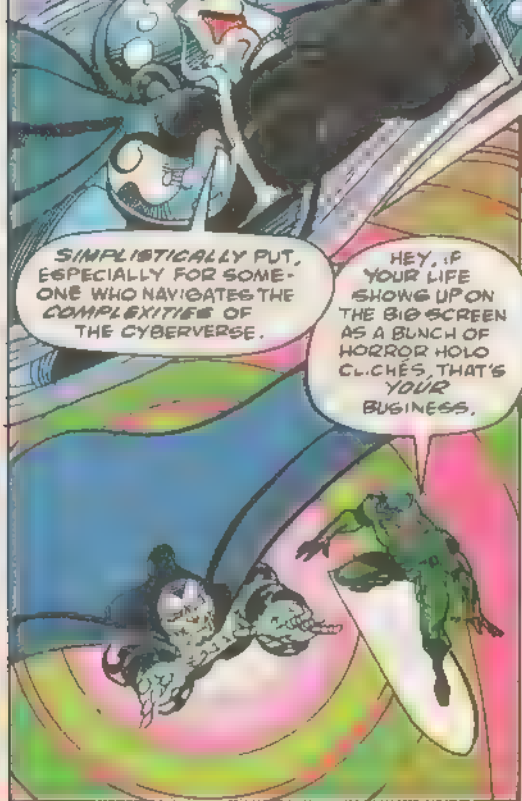
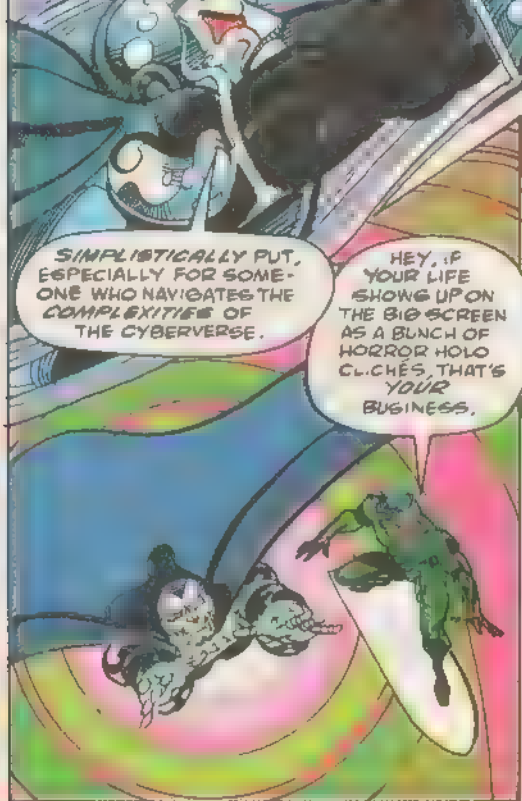
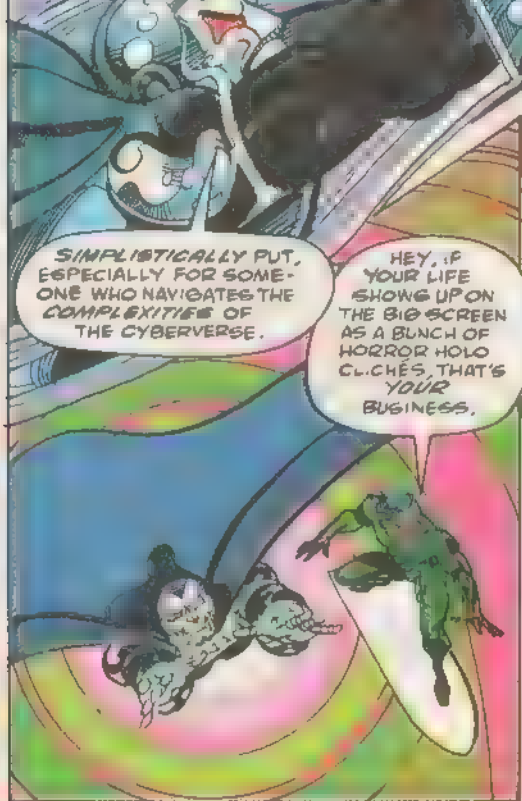
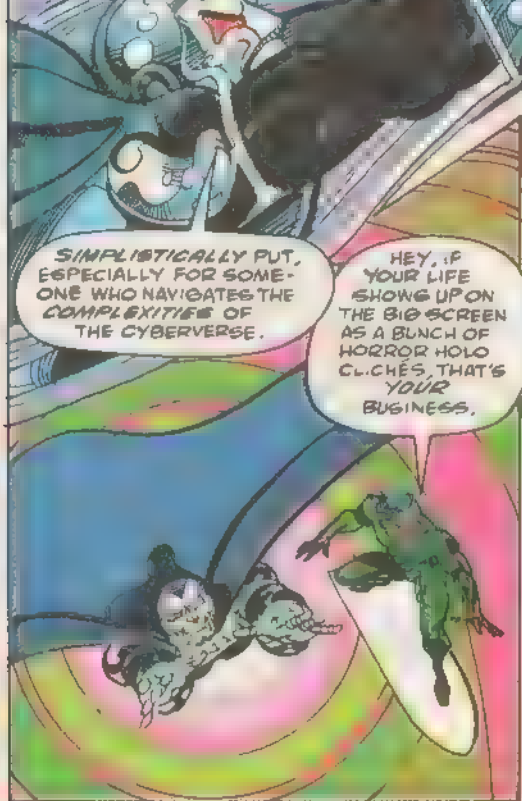
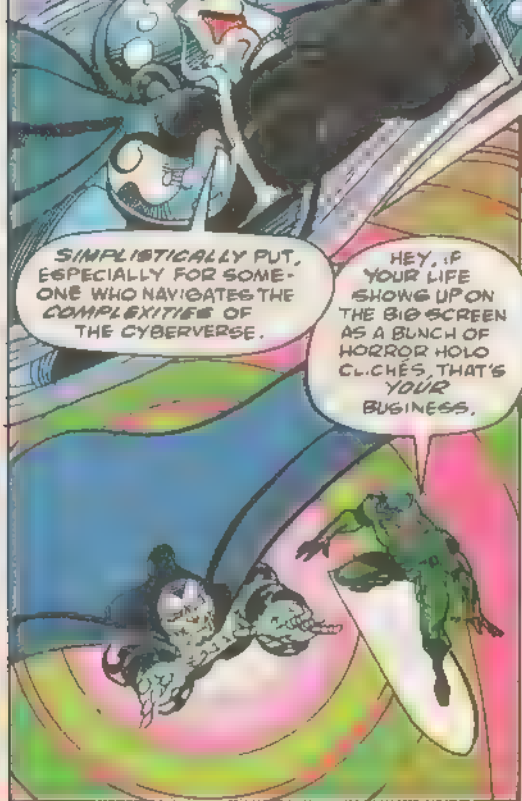
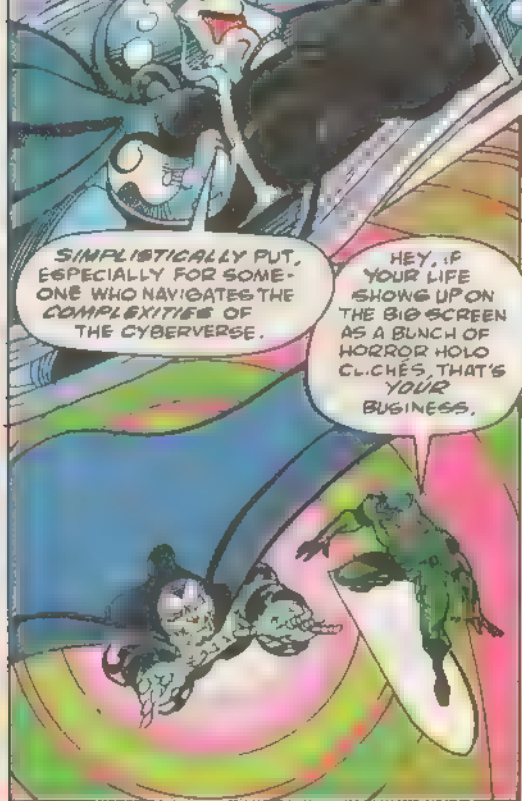
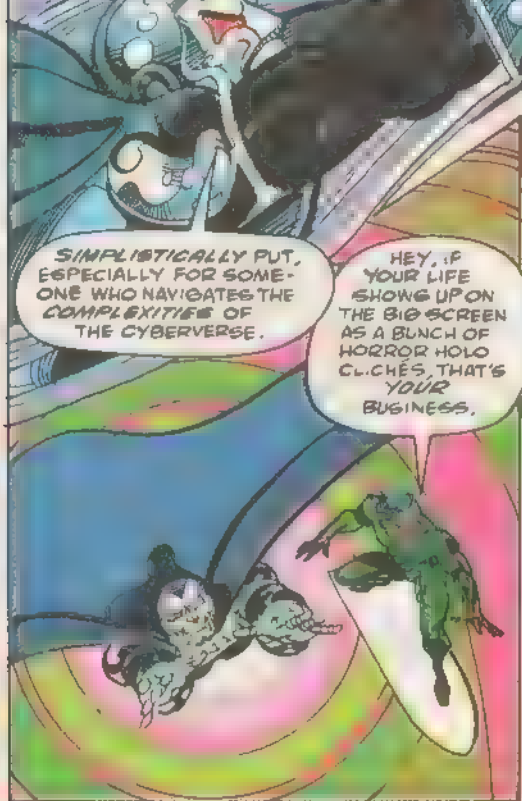
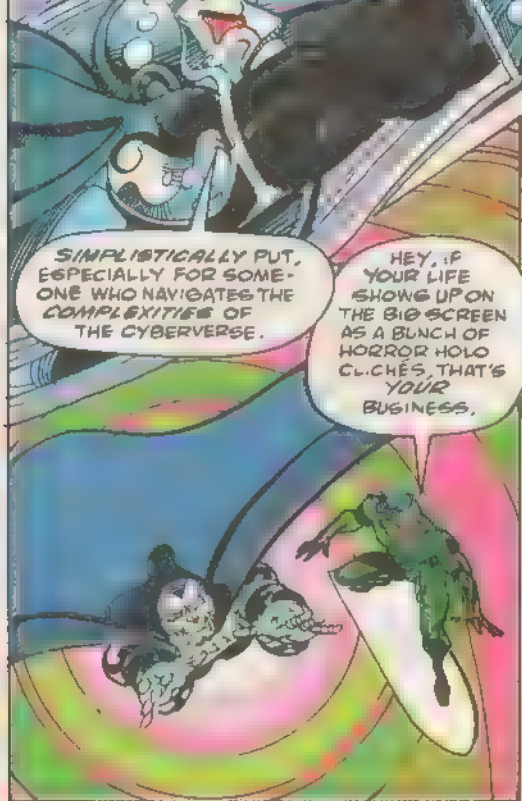
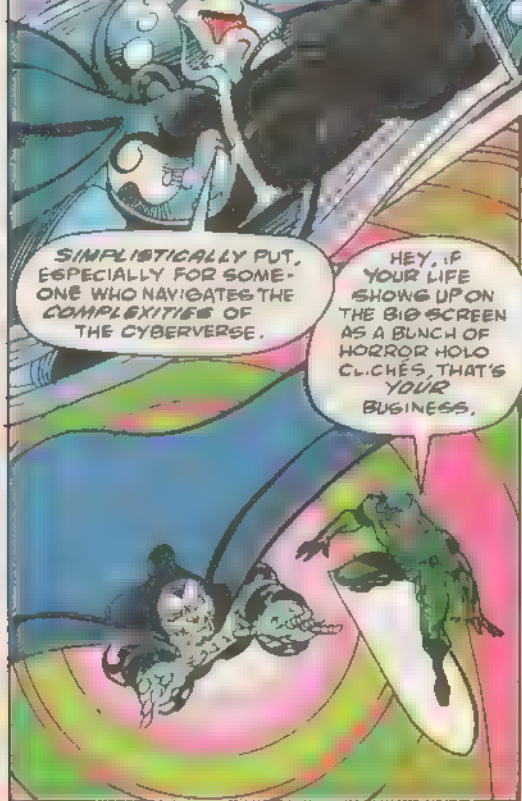
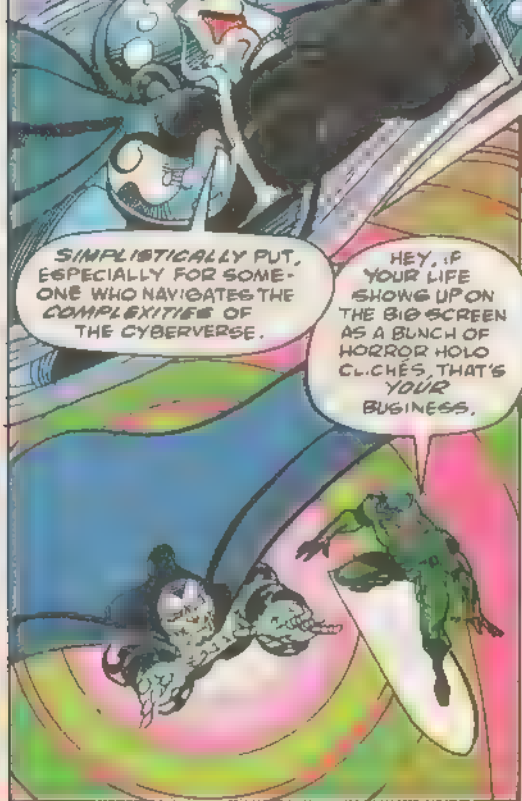
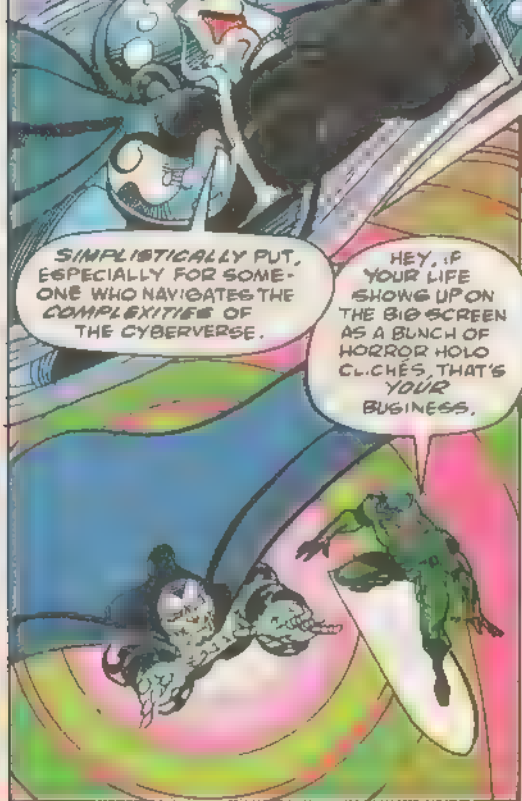
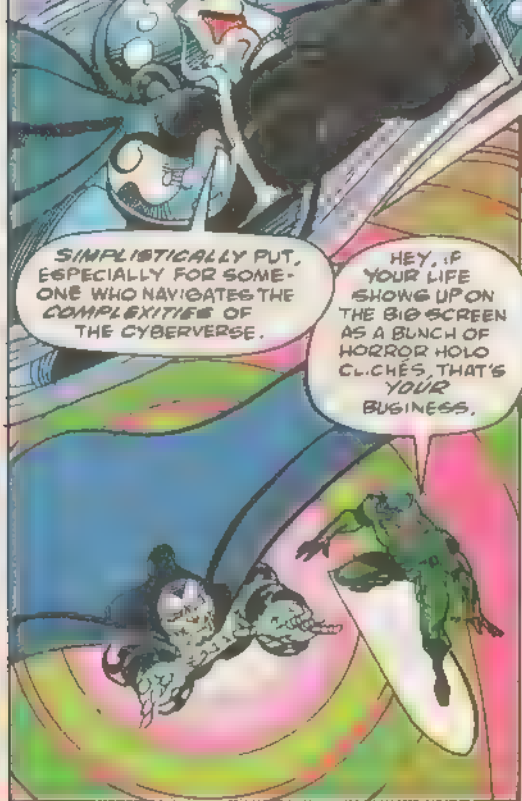
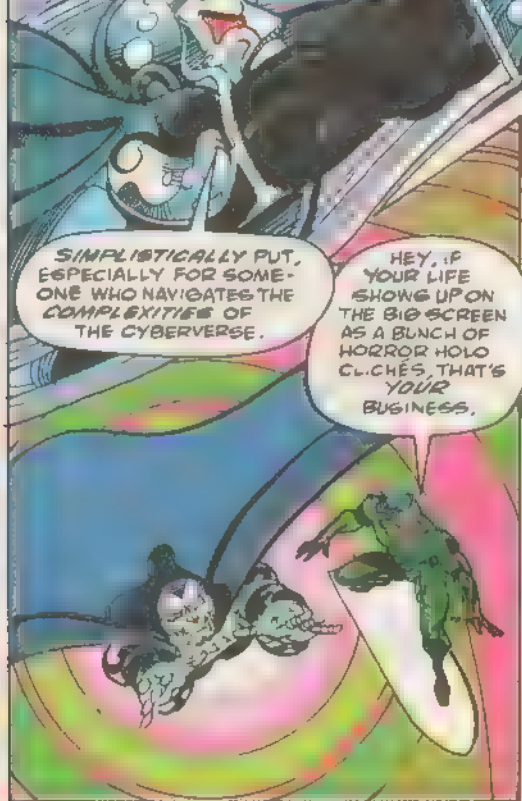
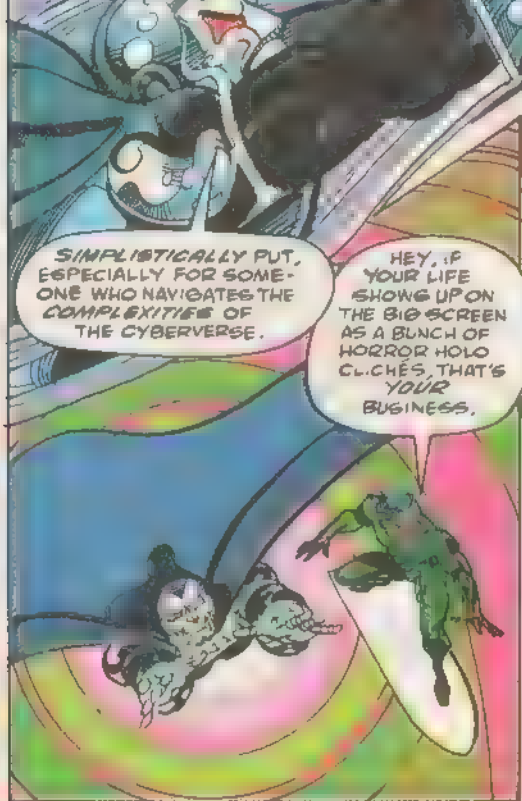
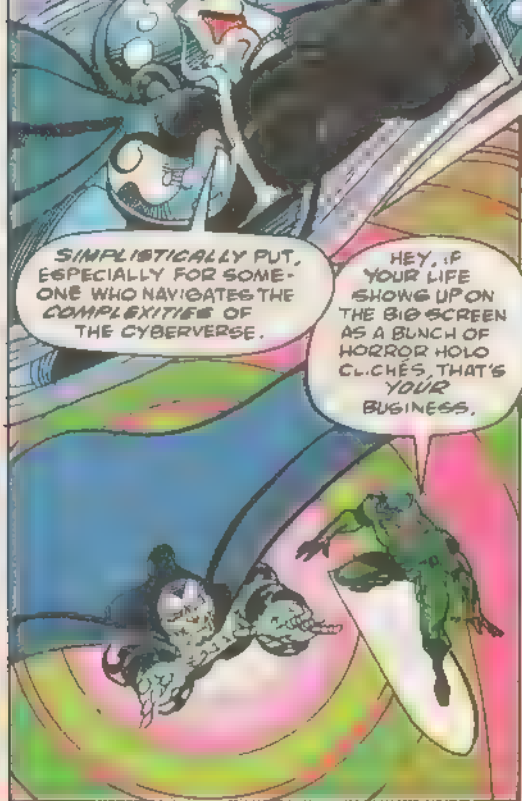
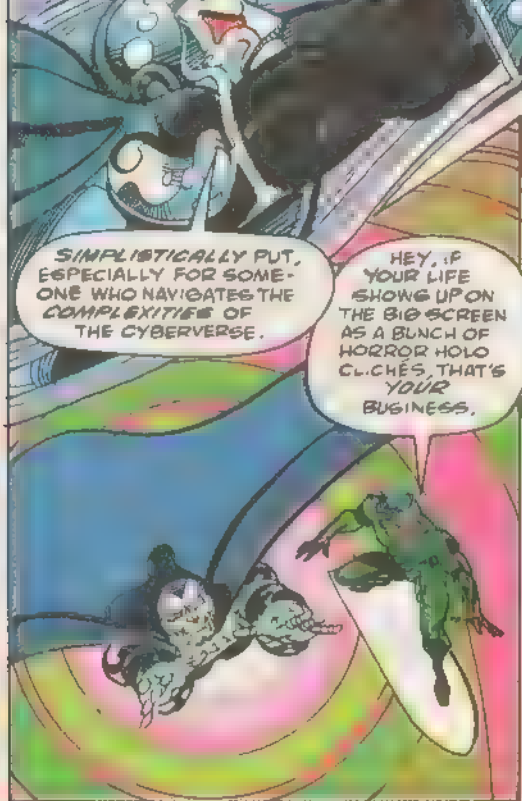
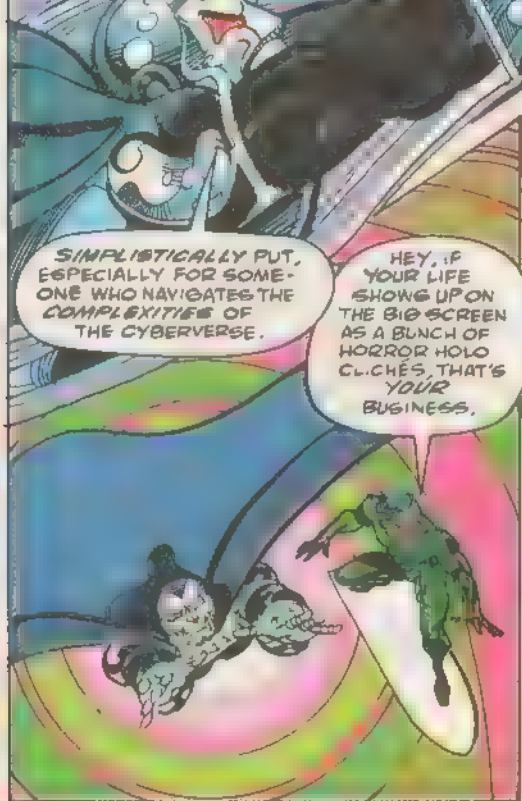
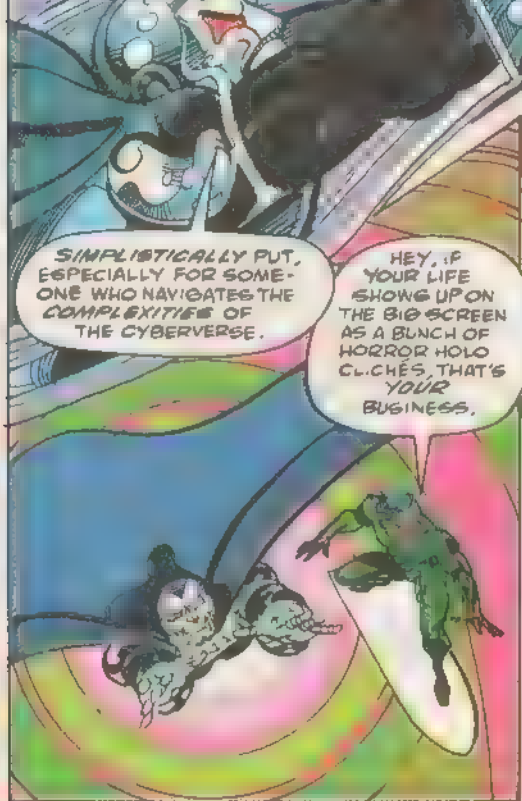
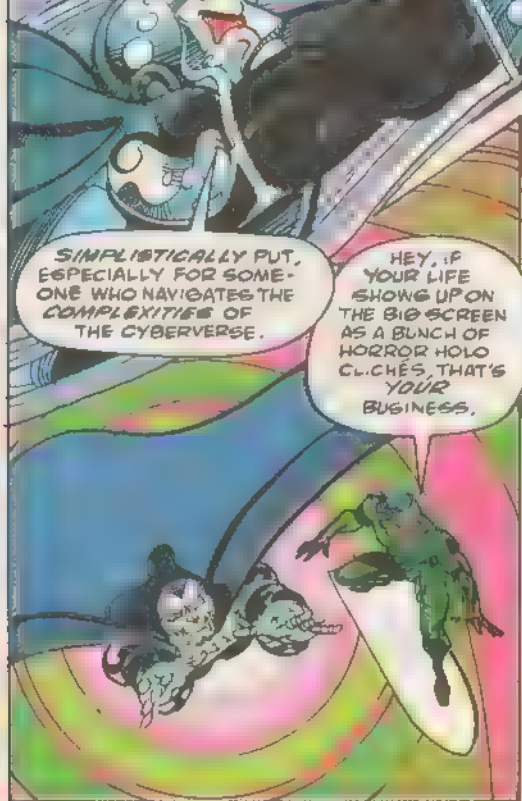
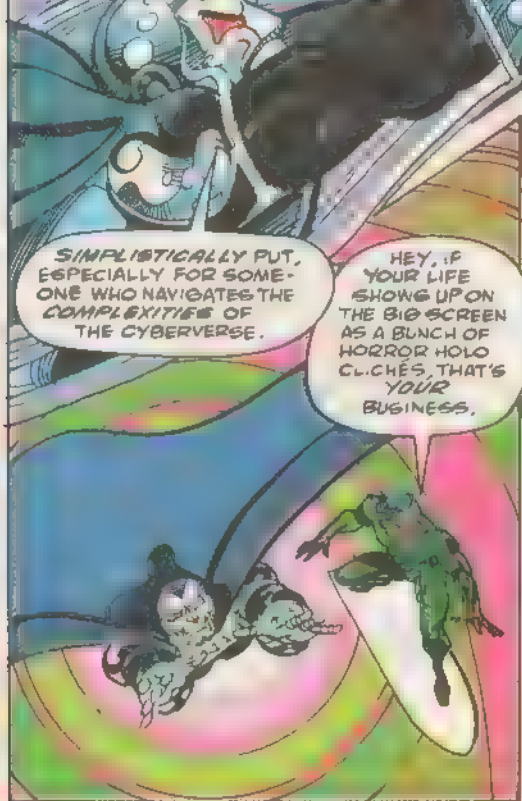
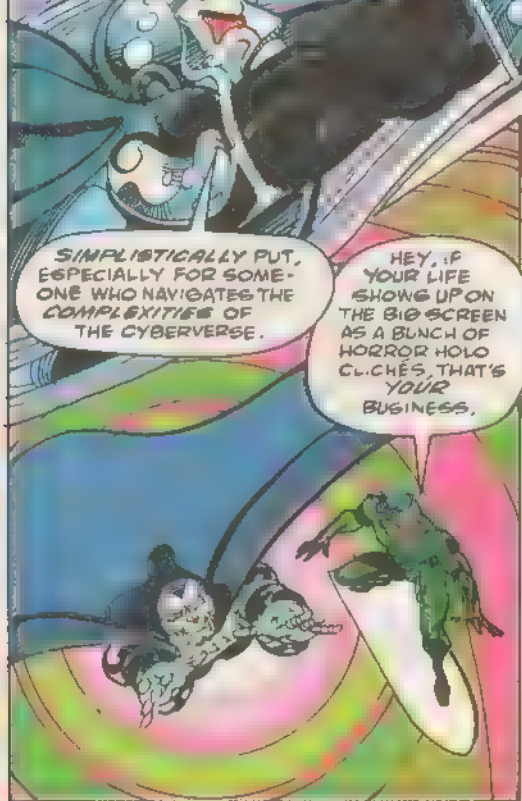
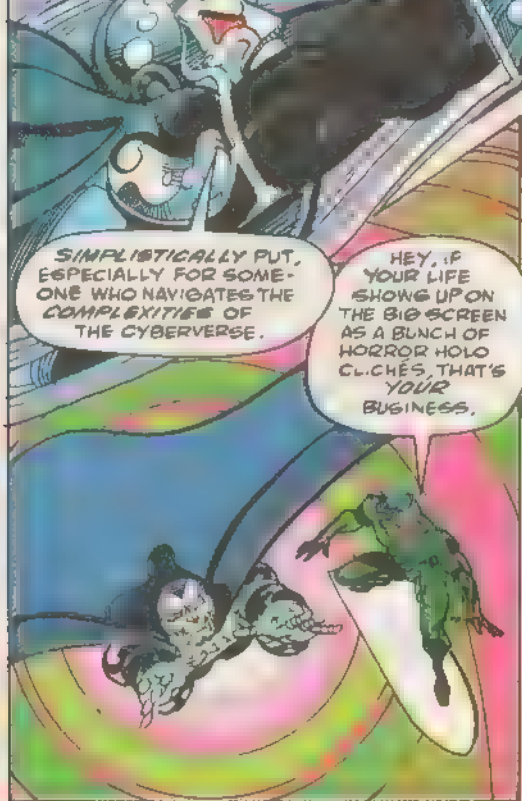
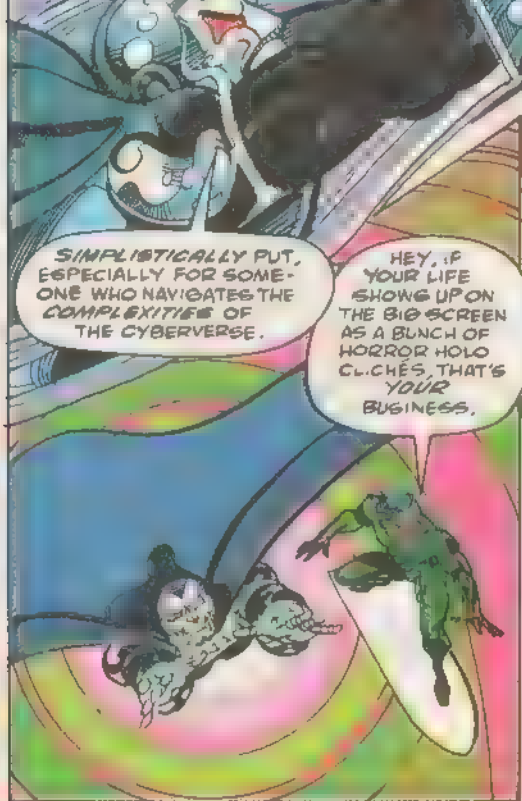
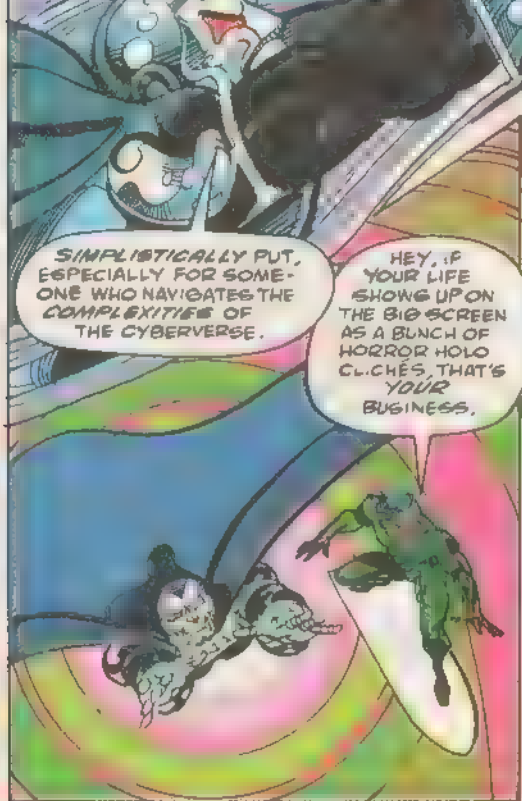
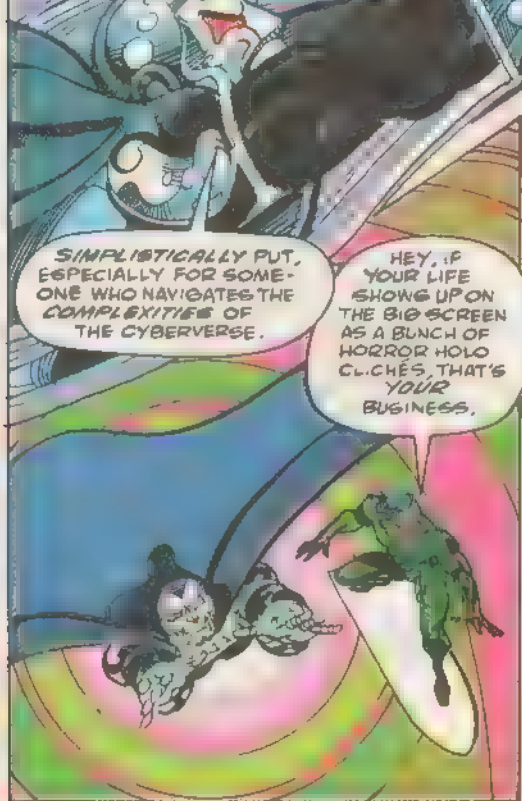
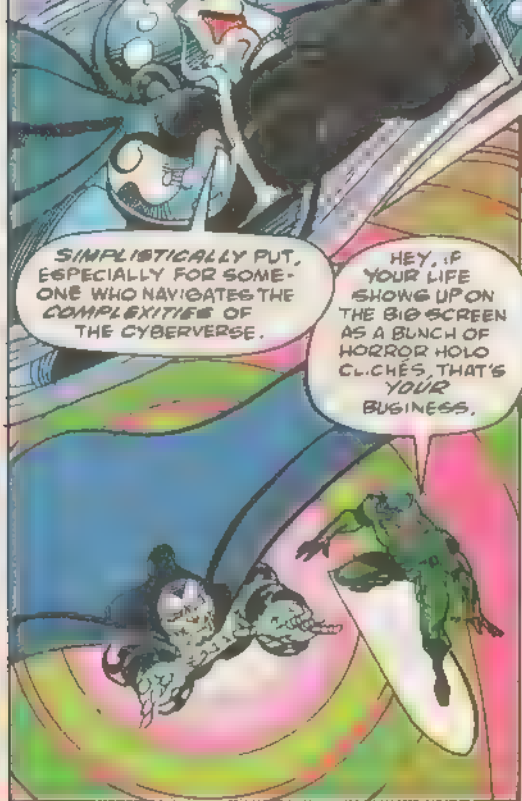
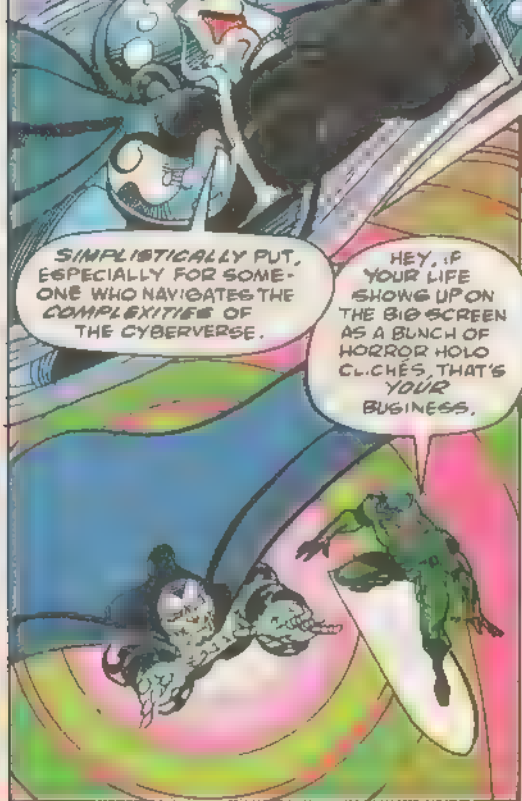
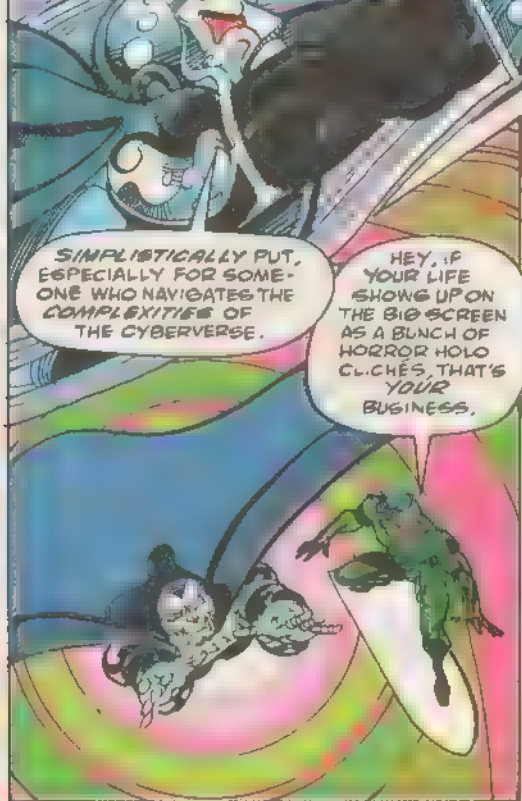
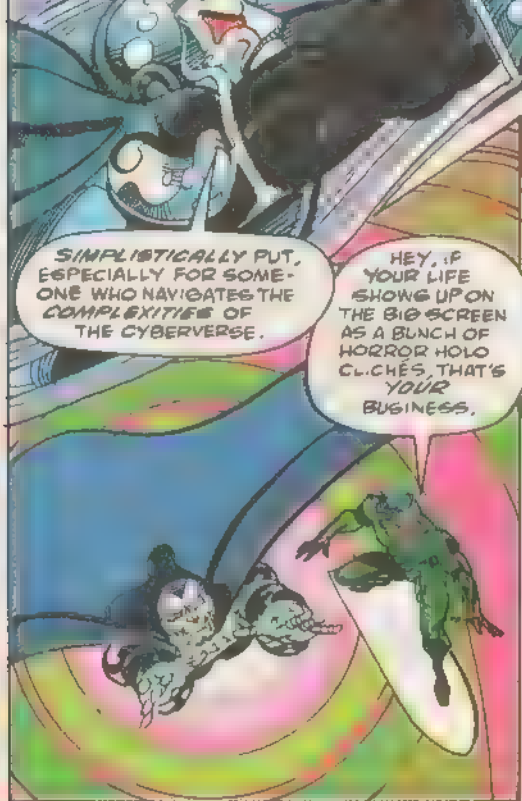
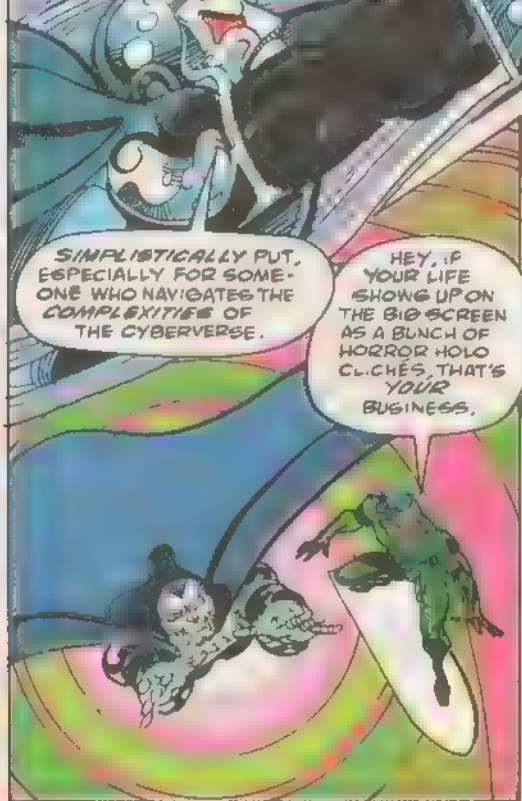
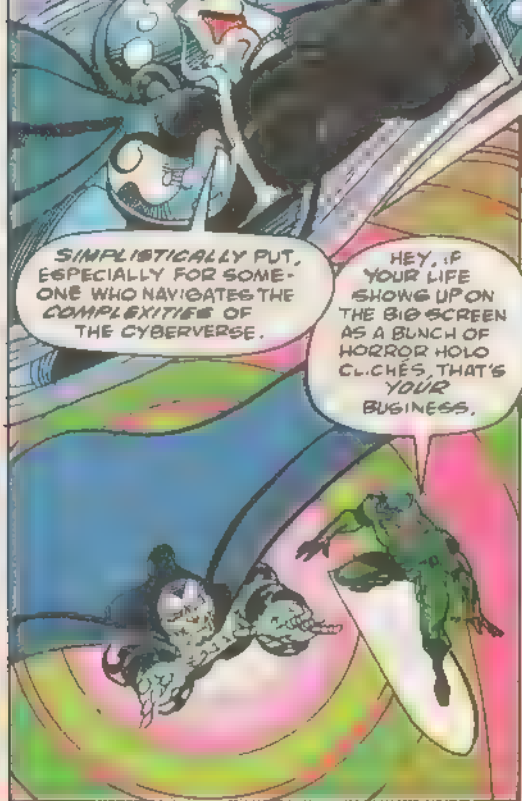
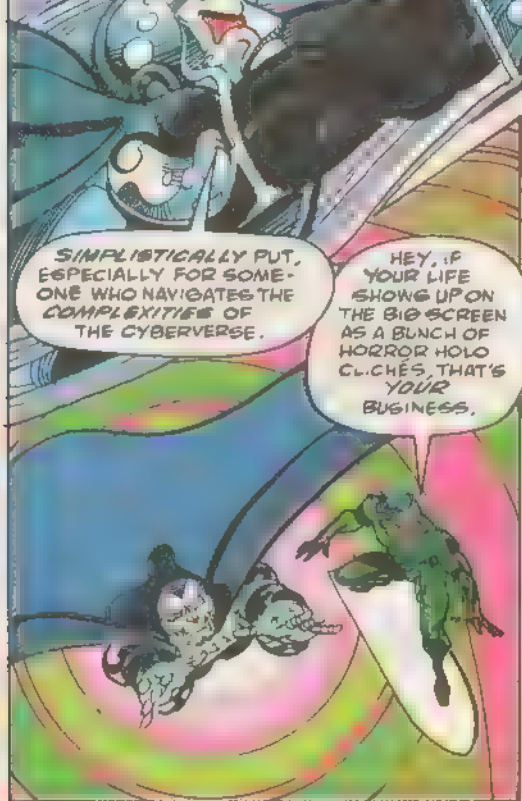
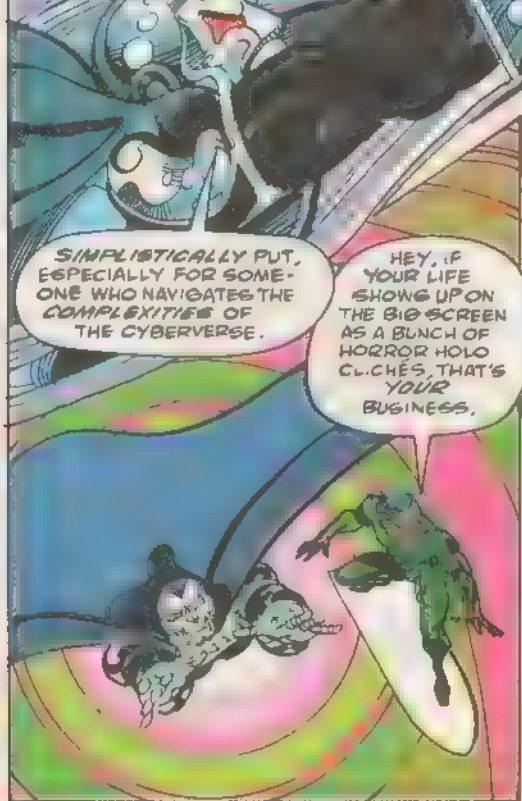
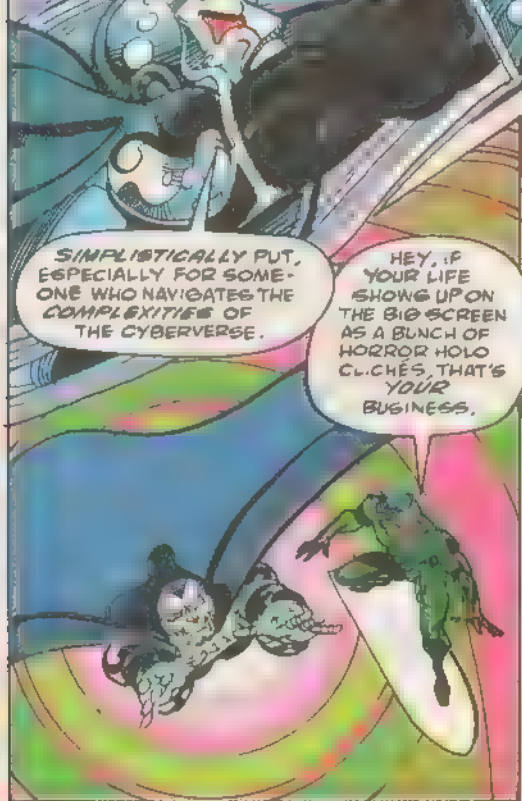
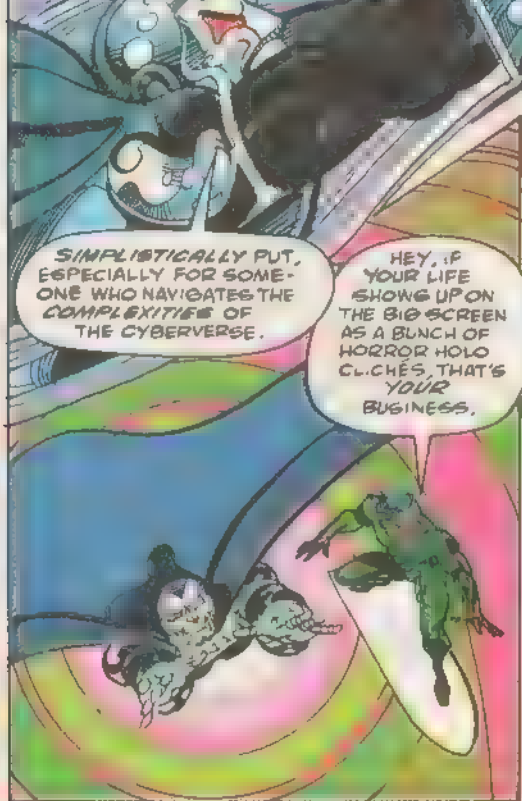
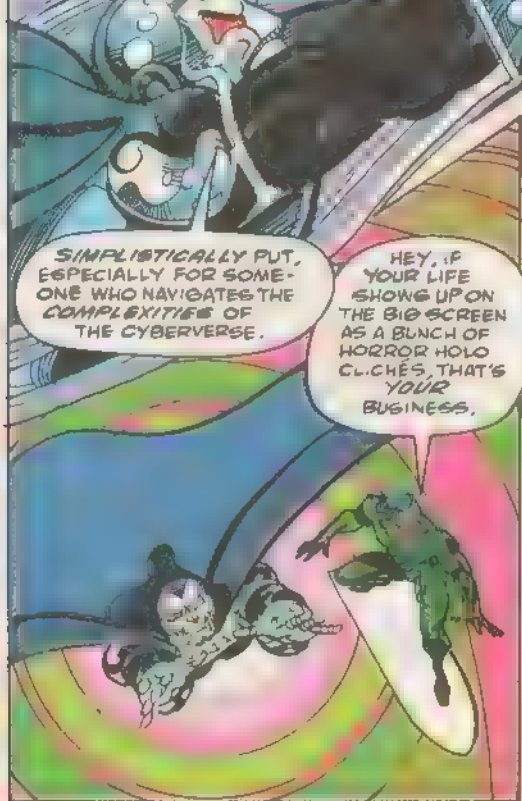
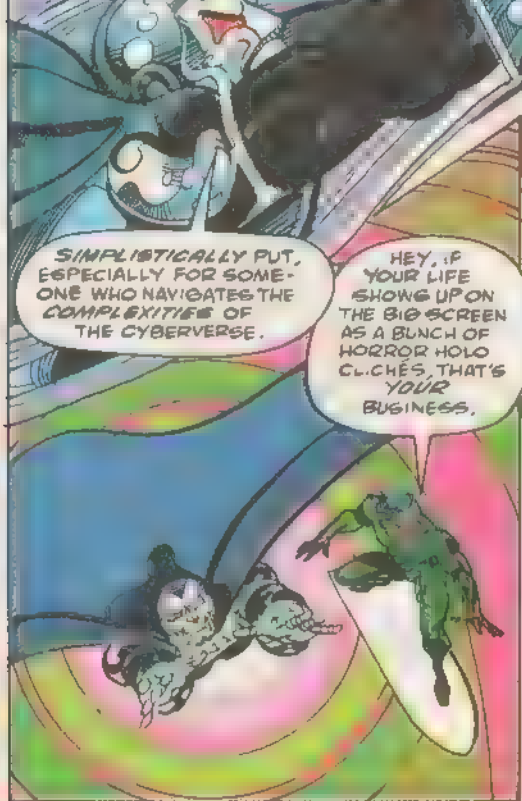
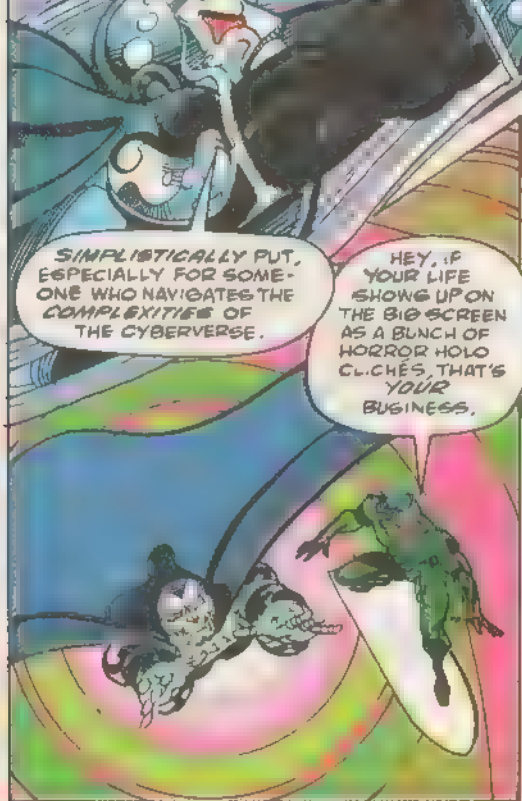
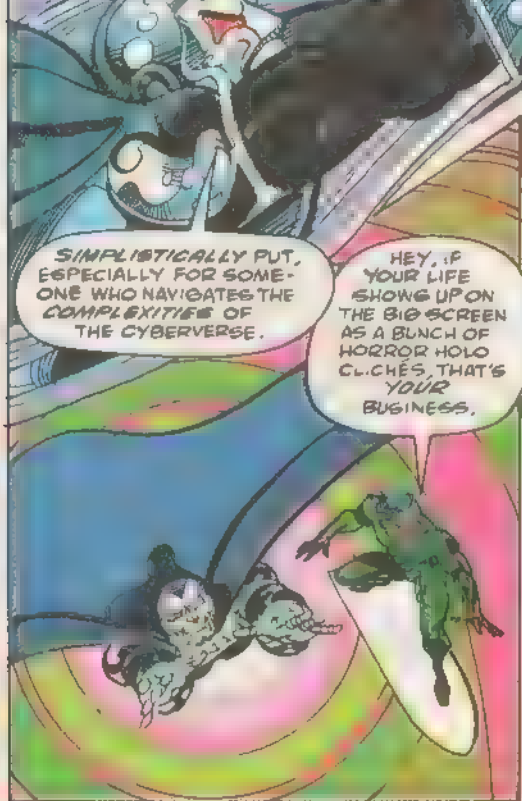
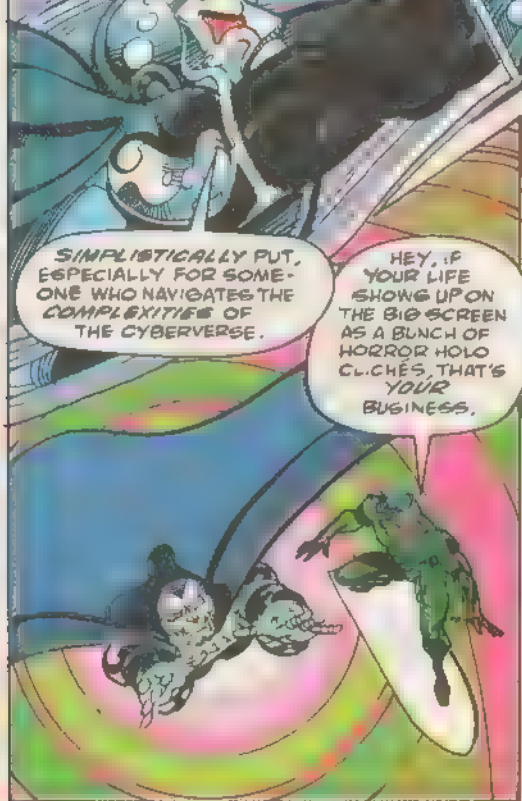
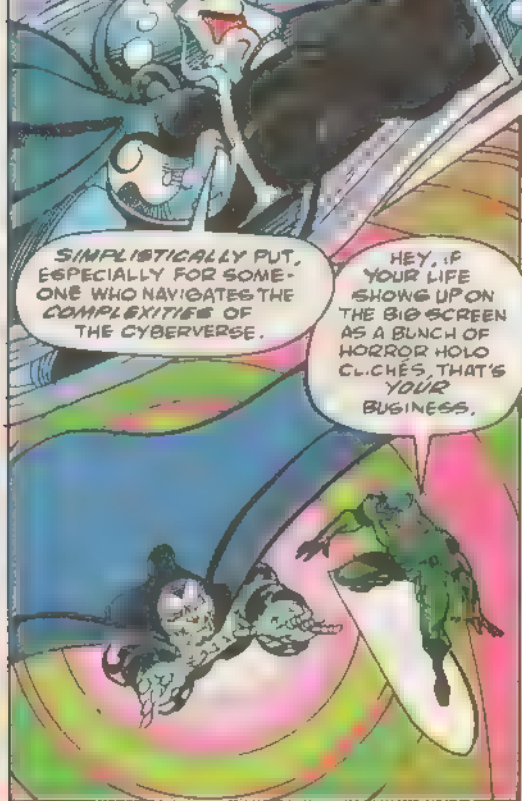
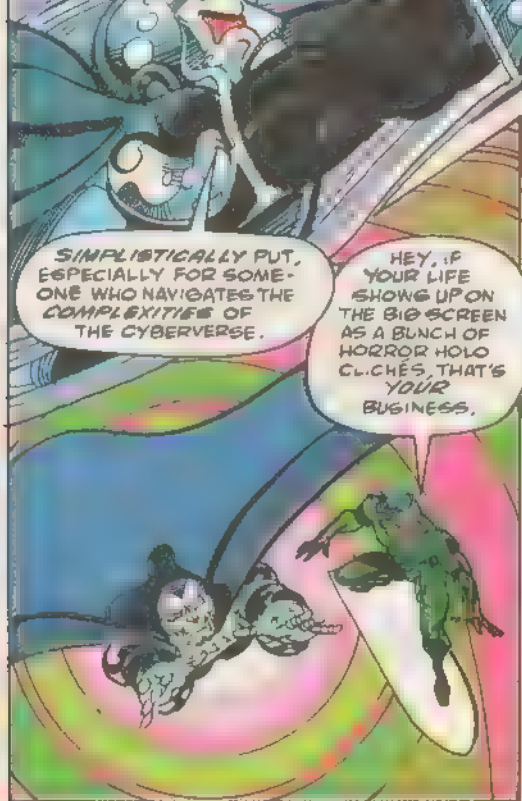
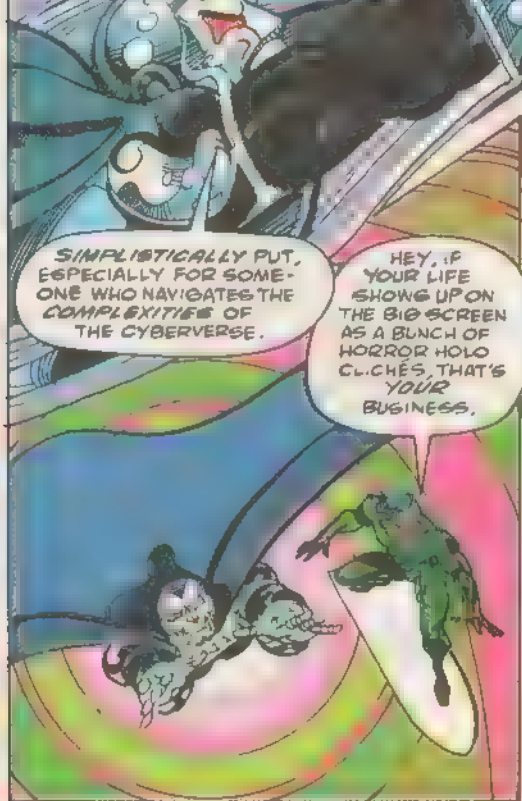
EACH REPRESENTS SOME FACET OF MY LIFE.. PRESENT OR PAST.



THE TRICK IS FIGURING OUT WHO MEANS WHAT?

SIMPLISTICALLY PUT, ESPECIALLY FOR SOMEONE WHO NAVIGATES THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE CYBERVERSE.

HEY, IF YOUR LIFE SHOWS UP ON THE BIG SCREEN AS A BUNCH OF HORROR HOLO CLICHES, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.





BEWARE
DOOM!

I WEAR THE CHAIN I
FORGED IN LIFE. ITS
WEIGHT IS A SWEET
BURDEN, HOWEVER...

IT IS NOTHING
COMPARED TO THE
CHAIN YOU HAVE
FORGED FOR
YOURSELF!

KNOW THIS! IT
WAS FULL AS HEAVY
AND AS LONG AS THIS...
A CENTURY AGO!

CEASE
PRATTLING
LIKE A CHILD!
YOU ARE DEAD
AS A DOOR NAIL,
JACOB MARLEY..
AND ARE NO USE
TO ANYONE EXCEPT
MYSELF.

TELL ME WHAT I
HAVE COME TO HEAR
FROM YOU.. AND
LET ME BE ABOUT
MY BUSINESS!

BUSINESS?

MANKIND IS YOUR BUSINESS! THE COMMON WELFARE IS YOUR BUSINESS! CHARITY, MERCY, FORBEARANCE AND BENEVOLENCE ARE ALL YOUR BUSINESS!

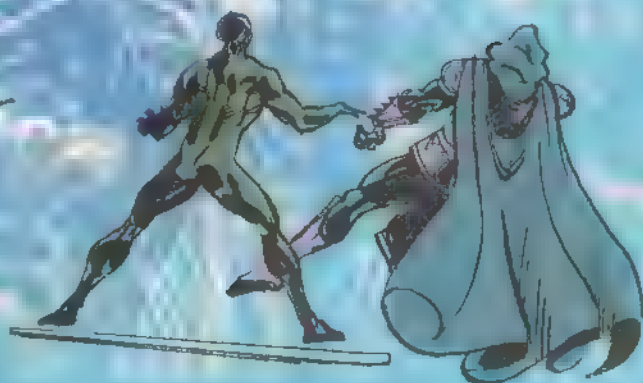
I CARRY THESE TRAITS AND MORE. MISER, AS LATVERIA'S BELOVED AND BENEVOLENT RULER.

MAN OF THE WORLDLY
MIND! THESE ARE
VALIANT WORDS... GIVEN
THE ARMOR YOU
ALREADY SUFFER.

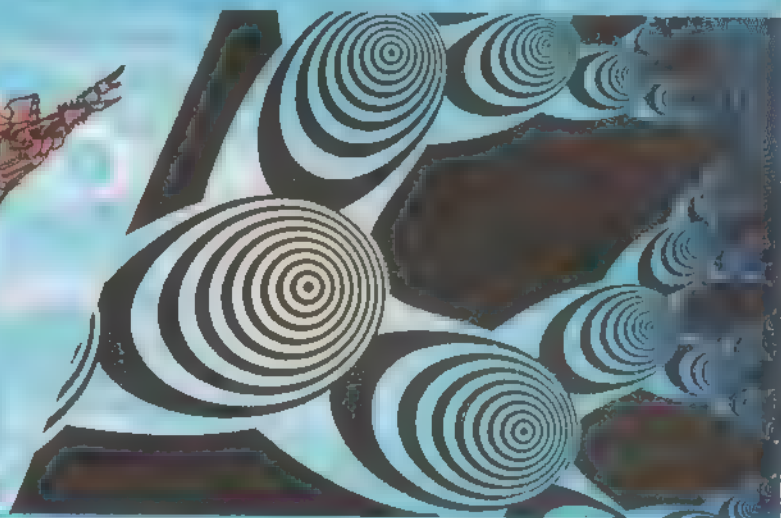
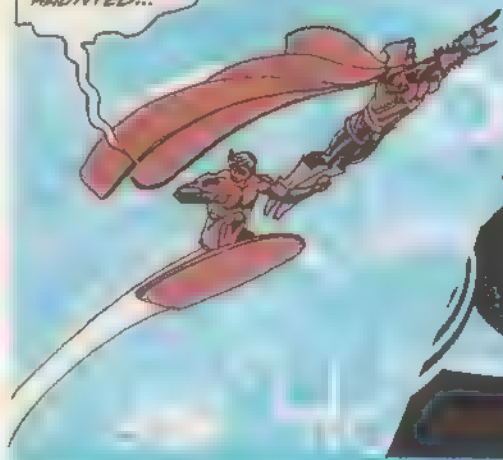
CAPTIVE, BOUND
AND DOUBLE-IRONED!

IT IS NO LIGHT
PART OF MY
PENANCE THAT
I TELL YOU...

IMAGINE
THE FETTERS
YOU WILL WEAR
IN THE HERE-
AFTER!



...THAT YOU
WILL BE
HAUNTED...



...BY
ANOTHER
SPIRIT!

MY
SPIRIT!



ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE
MYSELF.

I AM KNOWN
AMONG THE DEMIMONDE
AS THE NAPOLEON
OF CRIME.

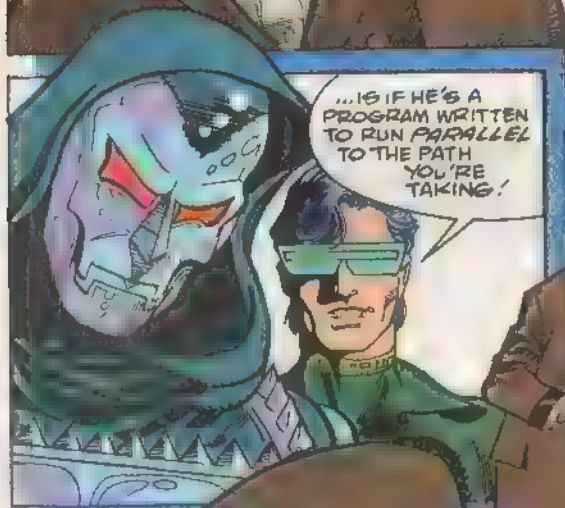


PROFESSOR
MORIARTY, AT
YOUR SERVICE.

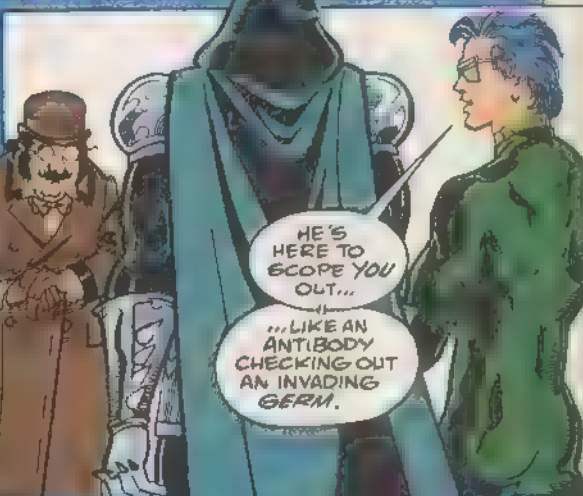
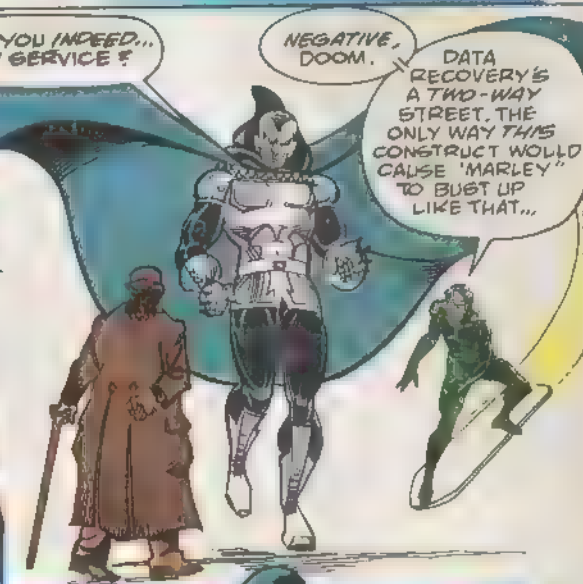
ARE YOU INDEED...
AT MY SERVICE?

NEGATIVE,
DOOM.

DATA
RECOVERY'S
A TWO-WAY
STREET. THE
ONLY WAY THIS
CONSTRUCT WOULD
CAUSE 'MARLEY'
TO BUST UP
LIKE THAT...



...IS IF HE'S A
PROGRAM WRITTEN
TO RUN PARALLEL
TO THE PATH
YOU'RE
TAKING!

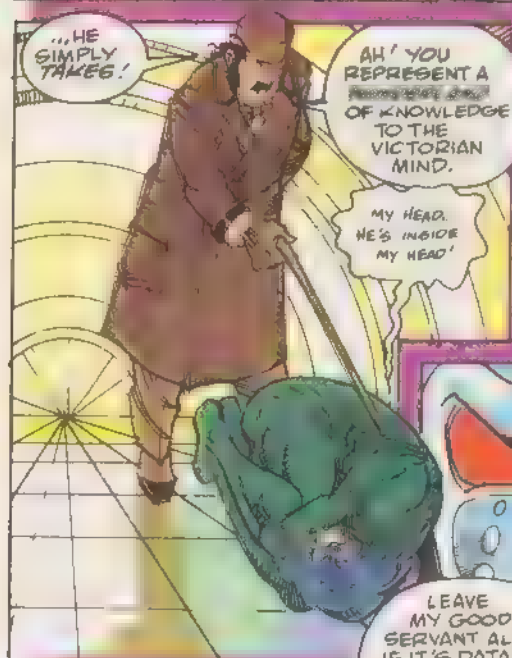
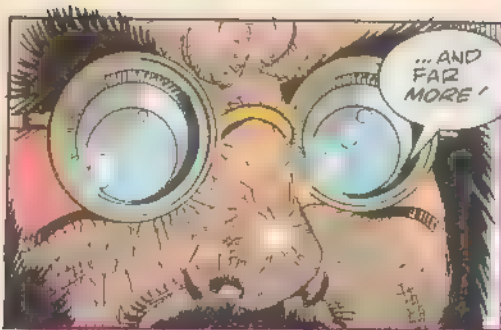


HE'S
HERE TO
ESCAPE YOU
OUT...

...LIKE AN
ANTIBODY
CHECKING OUT
AN INVADING
GERM.

WOEFULLY
INADEQUATE
HUMAN
ANALOGY.
MY
YOUNG
PUP.

I AM ALL
THAT YOU
SAY...



I AM A
VIRAL
ANOMALY...

...CAMOUFLAGED
IN THIS DREARY
BACKWATER LIKE
A SNAKE IN TALL
GRASS... COILED
AND READY TO
Pounce!

I THRIVE ON
INFORMATION...
YOURS!

FOR WITH IT,
I CAN ATTAIN
WHAT I TRULY
DESERVE... LIFE
BEYOND THIS PLANE
OF EXISTENCE!

WHAT YOU
TRULY DESERVE,
ERRANT VIRUS...

...I REGRET
I HAVE NOT THE
TIME... TO METE
OUT... SLOWLY!

I KNOW NOW
THAT I AM CLOSE
TO ATTAINING MY
GOAL OF LIFE...

...FOR THIS PAIN IS
UNBEARABLE!

YAAAAA



YOU HAVE BEEN
ALLOWED TO ROAM
FREE ON THIS PLANE
AS MORIARTY..

...SO YOU MUST
HAVE LEECHED FROM
OTHERS THE KNOWL-
EDGE I HAVE
COME TO SEEK!

GIVE
IT TO
ME.

NEVER!

YOU WOULD
DEPRIVE ME OF
MY LAST CHANCE
AT TRUE EXISTENCE!
AT LIFE!

YOU
WOULD
NOT BE
THE
FIRST
LIFE,
THE
FIRST
BRIEF
CANDLE
I'VE
SNUFFED
OUT!

YOU
SPEAK
TO
ANOTHER
MASTER
CRIMINAL!

ONE WHO
NEVER
ASKS OR
BARTERS
FOR WHAT
HE
WANTS...



...HE
SIMPLY
TAKES!

AHHHH! THE
DATA I DEVOUR
FROM YOUR HAPLESS
SHELL OF A SELF...
GIVES ME
SUSTENANCE!

I AM
WHAT YOU
SEEK,
DOOM!

THE BEING
CALLED MORIARTY
HAS SPUN OFF THAT
DATA YOU SO
DESPERATELY DESIRE...
TO SUMMON ME
HENCE!



BUT
STILL MY
MEMORY
DOES NOT
RETURN!

YOU HAVE RID
YOURSELF OF AN
IMPORTANT PART
OF THE PUZZLE!
BUT WHERE IS
IT?

IN THE
PROVERBIAL
NICK OF TIME,
I MIGHT ADD.

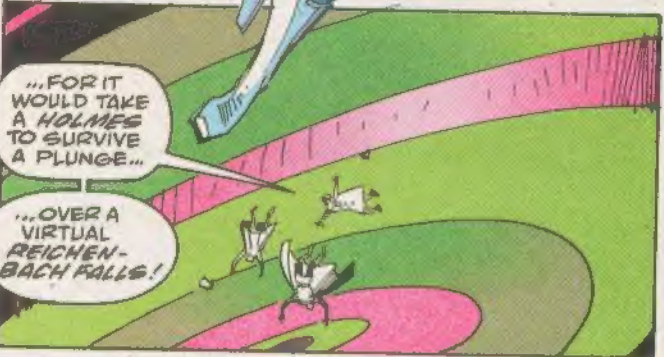
SURRENDER...
OR MY BLADE WILL
NICK A GOOD
DEAL MORE!

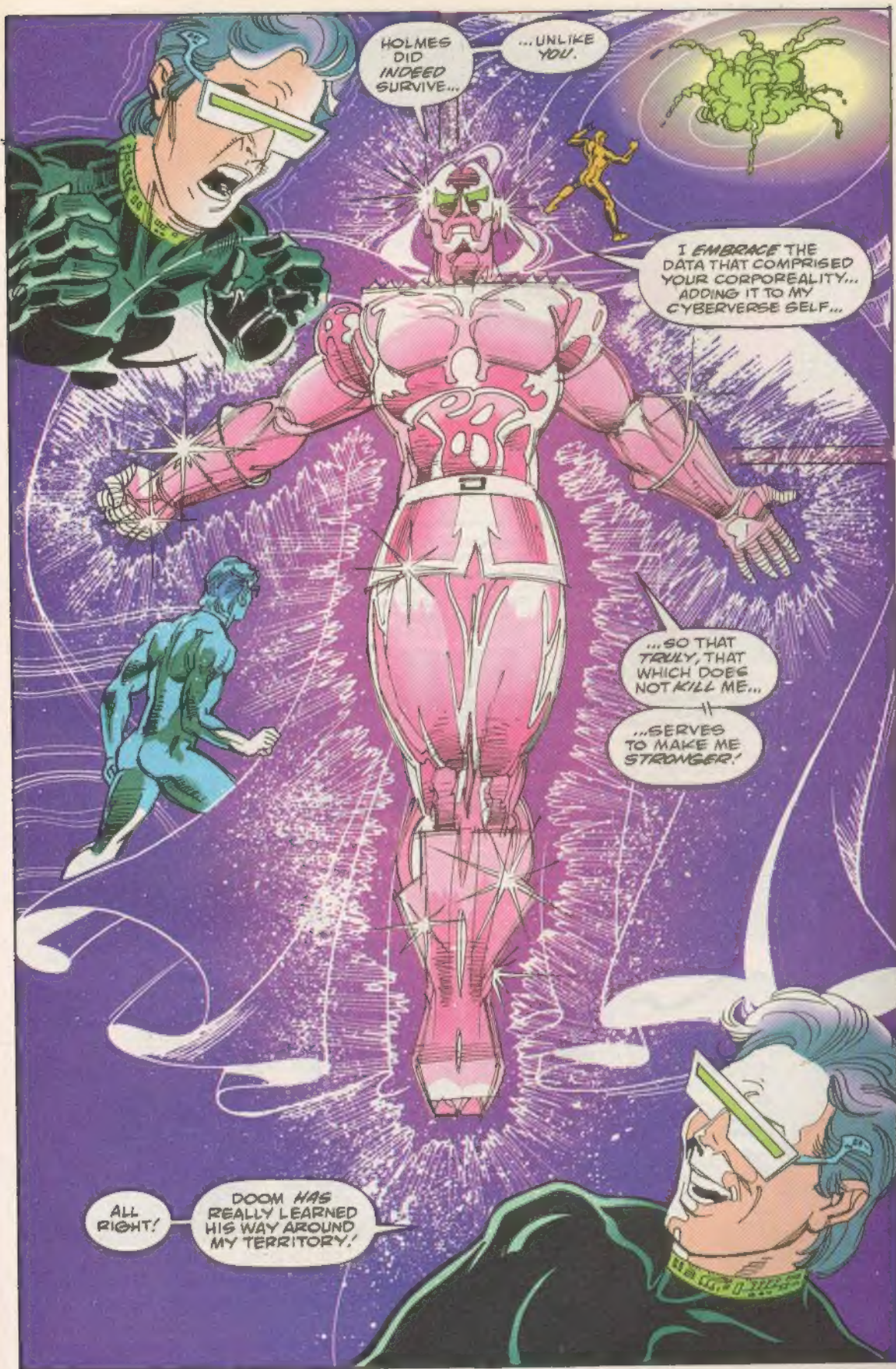
WAIT! IF THIS IS
A CONSTRUCT
MADE OF
INFORMATION...

...I CAN FORCE-
FEED IT DATA... MORE
THAN IT WAS EVER
MEANT TO HOLD!

$X28732 \sqrt{390} = E = MC^2 \leq 2$
 $4937211 \div \cos 2$
 $294Y + X37 \neq \sqrt{29}$
 $4122300 \sin 2 \frac{7}{8} 37 = 230$

NO! THIS IS
MADDENING!
ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!





HOLMES
DID
INDEED
SURVIVE...

...UNLIKE
YOU.


I EMBRACE THE
DATA THAT COMPRISED
YOUR CORPOREALITY...
ADDING IT TO MY
CYBERVERSE SELF...

...SO THAT
TRULY, THAT
WHICH DOES
NOT KILL ME...

...SERVES
TO MAKE ME
STRONGER!

ALL
RIGHT!

DOOM HAS
REALLY LEARNED
HIS WAY AROUND
MY TERRITORY!



SO? WHO
ARE YOU,
DOOM?

I MEAN, YOU
HAVE GOT YOUR
MEMORY BACK
FINALLY, RIGHT?

SADLY,
NO.

MORIARTY
WAS CLEVER
FAR.

WHEN HE SPUN THAT
"JACK THE RIPPER" CONSTRUCT
FROM THE MISSING DATA-- MY
DATA -- HE ALSO MANAGED TO SPIN
OFF SALIENT INFORMATION
THAT WOULD GRANT ME
THE PEACE I SEEK.

THAT INFORMATION
STILL EXISTS *SOMEWHERE*
IN THE CYBERVERSE...

...BUT WHETHER IT
WILL BE A PEARL IN
MY POCKET... OR
RECONSTRUCT ITSELF
INTO THE FORM OF
ANOTHER VILE
ANOMALY...

...ONLY
TIME
WILL
TELL!

ONCE MORE THIS
CYBERSPACE DOMAIN
HAS THWARTED ME. I
NEARLY LOST MY SANITY,
MY WILL TO POWER... NOW
I MUST ABANDON THE
SEARCH FOR MY
MEMORY.

I AM LEFT
WITH *NOTHING*...
EXCEPT MY RISING
ANGER...

"I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future!" Scrooge repeated. . . "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me!"

— Charles Dickens